Here Are Ten Rules For Mothers-in-Law

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

The young bride was in tears. This was the second time she was caught unawares in one week. No, it wasn't that she thought her Jim didn't love her any more. No, he had not forgotten to kiss her good-bye that morning. Yes, he remembered her on Valentine day. It wasn't anything about Jim at all, It was Jim's

There, it was out. Jim's mother had criticized her young daughtr-in-law's extravagance. It was not the first time, but just one of many similar unpleasantries, and this time the bride had hristled up and said mean things and now she was sorry because of Jim, but she still felt she was right and so she could not bring herself to apologize—heree the tears. What was she going to do? If, after a year of married life, they quarreled like that, how could she ever stand it for a lifetime?

Cheer up, little bride, perhaps your mother-in-law will reform if she reads the Ten Commandments, for mothers in-law, which a modern minister set forth recently in a sermon entitled "How Should an ideal Mother-in-Law Conduct Herself?" Fil pass them on, little bride hoping all mothers-in-law will read them, but first let me whisper to you that this same minister had another sermon long before the one on mother-in-law on "What Are the"

at Uncle Wiggily in surprisement. "Did fairles make my doll alive, as

they made Sammie's toy horse pu your rheumatism crutch out of the snow bank?"

China is negotiating for the purchase of 100 submarines.



UNCLE WIGGILY AND SUSIE'S DOLL HOUSE. (Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper She and the duck girls crossed the room, to come closer to the dell house, when all of a sudden Luiu Wibble-wobble quacked and said;

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Come. Susie! Hurry or you'll be late for school!" called Mrs. Latitetail, the lady rabbit, in the underground house one morning. "Hurry, Susie!"

"Oh, mother! I don't want to go to school today!" Susie answered from the play room where she had gone after her breakfast of sassafras pancakes with wintergreen honey sprinkled over the top for gravy.

"Why Susie! The idea! What's the matter? You don't want to go to school!" exclaimed Mrs. Littletail.

"No, if you please," said Susie, "I want to stay home and fix up my doll house. One of the rooms needs papering, and the parlor needs sweeping. Indiu and Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girls, are coming here this afternoon to have a party, and I want my doll house to look nice. Please mayn't I stay home and fix it up pretty!"

"Why, Susie! The idea! Stay home from school to paper a doll house!" cried Mrs. Littletail. "Certainly not, my dear! Get your books and hurry, or you'll be late!"

"Well, I don't care!" said Susie. "I think it's mean that I can't stay home and fix up my doil house!"

Uncle Wiggily, the queer old rabbit gentleman, looked out over the top of the Cabbage Leaf Gazette, the morning paper he was reading. His eyes twinkled in a funny way, and so did his pink nose.

"You hop along to school like a

twinkled in a funny way, and so did his pink nose.

"You hop along to school like a good little rapbit girl, Susie," he said, "and I'll fix hip your doll house."

"Oh, will you, really?" asked Susie, all excited now and anxious like.

"I really will," promised the rabbit gentieman. "I will paper the room so pretty as never was!"

Susie clapped her paws in delight. She knew Uncle Wigglly would do as he said.

he said. Soon the little rabbit bunny girl was on her way to school. Her brother Sammle had left some time before, as he wanted to slide part way. And you know sliding to school takes twice as long as going in the regular fashion.

"Don't forget about my doll house!" called Susie, waving her paw to Uncle Wiggily as she hopped out of the underground burrow.

"I'll have it all ready for the party," he answered.

derground burrow.

"TII have it all ready for the party," he answered.

"Dear me, Wiggy!" said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady house-keeper, who, with Mr. Longengs, was staying at the Littletall burrow for a time. "Hum zuz dud, Wiggy! Seems to me you could find something else to do besides playing with doll houses!"

"Oh, there may be an adventure in it for me." laughed the bunny gentleman. So, instead of hopping off over the fields and through the woods that day, looking for something to happen, Uncle Wiggily took Susie's doll house and began to fix it up as he nan promised. He found some paper, left over when the Littletail burrow had been papered the spring before, and Uncle Wiggily pasted that on the room in the doll house that needed it. Then he painted the chimney a fresh red color, and he swept out the house; and then Uncle Wiggily laughed. Oh, how hard he laughed, so that his pink nose twinkled twice as fast as never was.

"What's the matter?" asked Nurse Jane, curious and suspicious like.

"Oh, I just thought of something," answered Uncle Wiggily, still laughing, as he took down his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch from the sideboard and started off across the fields.

"I thought you were going to fix

fields.
"I thought you were going to fix Susie's doll house," said the muskrat lady. "Not that I think you ought to be so childish," she went one, "but a promise is a promise."
"Oh, I am not forgetting!" again laughed Uncle Wiggily as he hopped on and

augnet Chels Wiggly as he hopped on and on.

After a while school was out, and Susie came home with Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girls.

"Did Uncle Wiggly fix my doll house?" cried Susie as spon as she

house?" cried Susie as spon as she reached home.
"Yes, it's all fixed; come and see how you like it." answered Uncle Wiggily himself, for he had returned home from wherever he had gone.

He went with Susie, Lulu and Alice to the playroom. There stood the doll house, with the newly painted red chimney, with the room freshly papered as pretty as never was and the whole house brightened.
"Oh, how lovely!" quacked Lulu and Alice.

Allee. "Thank you, Uncle Wiggily," said Sume. "Now we can have a lovely doll

Payne Is Newest Cabinet Member

The newest member of President Wilson's enhinet. John Barton Payne, steps from the chairmanship of the U. S. Shippins board into the office of secretary of the interior. He is a Chicagoan He was born in Pruntytown, Va., in 1855. After study. Son After study-ng law he became pectal judge of the ircuit court of ucker county. W.

Va. and later was elected mayor of kingwood. In 1883 Payne moved to Chicago noved to Chicago nd 10 years later ecame judge of the

became judge of the ruperior court of Cook county.

On Oct. 3, 1917, he was named geaeral counsel for the E. S. shipping board and, when Edward N. Hurley resigned in the corporation Payne succeeded him.

Payne, since the end of the war, havinged Americans to keep U. S. shipping for America by buying the merchany vessels instead of allowing them to be sold to European companies.

To Paint Initials On Her Shoulder



they made Sammie's toy horse pull your rheumatism crutch out of the snow bank?"

Uncle Wiggily just laughed, and so did the liftle walking doll.

"No, Susie," said the doll, suddenly speaking. "I'm not a fairy, I'm just Squeakie-Eekie, the cousin mouse. Uncle Wiggily came over and got me, after he fixed up the little house for you. He told me to put on one of the celluloid doll's dresses and to come walking out of the doll house natural like, to surprise you."

"Well, you certainly surprised me!" laughed Susie. "You're so small and cute, you seem just like a little doll."
And then Squeakie-Eekie played in the doll house with Susie, Lulu and cute, you seem just like a little doll."
And then Squeakie-Eekle played in the doll house with Susie, Lulu and they fought Mr. Longears was very funny to think of such a joke.

So if the cork doesn't jump out of the bottle of ink and make funny spots on the window curtain when the clock has its face turned the other way I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Sammie's snow house.

Ching is negotiating for the purchase

Circle Salad—Allow one hard-cooked egg to each person, also one onion of medium size, peel and slice thinly, arranging in alternate layers, overlapping slightly, in circles on salad plate; place one tablespoon catsup or chili sauce (home-made) in center of ring thus formed; garnish with parsley. A hearty salad to serve with a meatless meal and one not requiring the use of lettuce, which is hard to procure in the country at this time of the year.

Breakfast 'Oranges—Peel and divide country at this time of the year.

Breakfast 'Oranges-Peel and divide into sections one orange for each person: place mound of confectioner's sugar in center of individual serving plate and lay the sections radiating and slightly overlapping from it. This gives a dainty, flowerlike effect, very appealing to a jaded winter appetite and is especially good to tempt the influenza convalescent.

"All toasts at our coming banquet will be made in aqua pura."
"But what will you do if any of the government sleuths get onto it?"

As a Woman Thinks Encore For Peggy; Has Married Three

THE NEW OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

The modern mother gets a lot of publicity these days. She is looked utron a something very new and very differing three hoys. That does not sound very in from the mother of a generation or

themselves. She is sending every one both her husband and her children. From a recent observation, however, it would seem that the modern mother is just like the old-fashioned mother. Everyone who has read the famous books, "Little Women" and "The Five Little Peppers," are surely agreed that Mrs. March and Mrs. Pepper are ideal mothers, Modern women who could do their job of mothering as well as either of those two fiction characters would surely be called perfect.

The writer met a modern mother recently who might well have furnished the copy for Louisa M. Alcott. The woman was a tall, slender blonde type. She was sweet of face, sweet of voice and sweet of manner. She had a silvery laugh and twinkling eye which transformed her usually placid expression into something very young and you could tell that there was a great depth of human understanding and sympathy mixed with a delightful sense

For the Table

Heart-Beet Salad-With a sharp knife cut slices of cooked beets into little

heart slices. Pince on lettuce leaves

n deep fat and drain on brown pa-per. This "made dish" will be found sconomical and of satisfactory fla-tor, lacking both the "madeover" taste

fluenza convalescent.

Griddle Cakes-Four cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, three cups of milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, Add milk, making soft batter. Bake immediately on hot, well greased griddle. If richer and shorter cakes are preferred add two tablespoons of melted butter.

Canned Corn Cakes-One cup flour.

third teaspoon salt.

Prepare and serve same as plain

Women of Today

heart slices. Place on lettuce leaves and partly cover with any good mayonnaise.

Beef Croquettes—Grind two cups of meat left from soup stock and mix with one-half cup stale bread crumbs, one egg, one small onion grated and salt and bepper to taste; shape in balls not too large will in crumbs din convention of women that Holland, the only country with a queen ruler, should be so very far advanced in suffrage and all matters pertaining to women. The women's movement has spread all over Holland since the acquisition of their vote. We in America, have had an opportunity of hearing just how far advanced they are in some things from the women physicians of the Convention of women physicians of the Holland who attended the international convention of women physicians of the world held in New York several months ago. Their stand on birth control and their practice of it was explained in an interesting report by Dr. Aletta Jacobs. Another result of universal suffrage in the Netherlands is the presence of a egg and again in crumbs, fry woman in nearly every town council.

Mrs. Wijandts Francken is one of the leaders in the women's movement and she is but an example of her many country women who have organized committees and leagues for the improvement of conditions of women in their native country.

Miss Shirley Putnam, daughter of

a direct fundam, of Greenwich, Comm.
a direct descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary war fame, became editor and manager of the Greenwich, Press recently.

The Press has been taken over by
wealthy women to feature women's activities.

library of congress. She is a magazine writer and an ardent suffragist. During the war she was engaged in welfare work overseas.

ABOUT THE AMENDMENT. Under suspended rules, the house of representatives of the Arizona legislature unanimously adopted a resolution ratifying the women suffrage amendment to the national constitution.

Woman suffrage was defeated, however, in Virginia, when the house of delegates adopted, 62 to 22, the Leedy resolution rejecting the Susan B. Anthony amendment. melted butter.

Canned Corn Cakes—One cup flour, one cup corn, one egg, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon baking powder, one-



spensible for the rise to favor of Fe-sponsible for the rise to favor of Fe-licite in France. Faustina is an Italian form of the same name, but has never had popular favor. Felicia has always been the favorite form in English-speaking countries, though Felicity was much used among the Puritans, and much used among the Furitans, an still prevails in religious communities. The pearl is Felicia's talisman stone. It insures her charm, affabilit and sincere friendships. Monday is he lucky day and 3 her lucky number. Th dalsy, signifying simplicity, is

He is Peggy's third millionaire husband.
And Peggy—she is Peggy Hopkins of musical exmedy and movie fame.
Once Peggy, just recovering from her second millionaire husband, announced that "millionaires have no time for their wives," and she'd never be married to another.

But it has come to light that she was married on Jan. 22 in Miami. Fla., to Mr. Joyce, who purchased a \$200,000 winter home there for his bride.

Mrs. William T. Joyce, mother of the lumberman, said when questioned that she had heard of the marriage, but "wasn't quite sure who the bride is."

gion of Honor is the dowager duchess of Rohan. It was taken to her by Marshai Foch himself and was con-ferred for her great work in caring for wounded soldiers.

DISCORD AHEAD. "This artist married his lovely mode

Orphaned Girl, Mother Of Child, Is Unhappy

BY MILDRED MARSHALL.

Facts about your name, its history, its meaning whence it was derived, its significance, your lucky

since that is the significance of her

In Movieland

BY DAISY DEAN.

Don't ask advice about entering plotures. It's bound to be discouraging.

day and lucky jewel.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON,

Dear Mrs. Thompson: A certain woman was born after the death of her father and soon afterward was orphaned. A grandmother reared her until she was nine years old and then, dying, bequeathed her to a married sister. At this home the girl was treated cruelly and at the end of a year she hired out to a family and later they moved to Memphis.

For four years all went well and then the people for whom she worked moved North.

The orphan was left behind with a small amount of savings. She engaged a room and went job hunting. Positions were none too plentiful One day she reached the end of her bank account. As she sat in a cheap little restaurant she had in the world.

Then the man entered and, feeling that suicide was eventually coming, the girl didn't object to his speaking. She ven answered. He came and sat at her table, He insisted upon her accompanying him to his apartment.

Before they went she told the man her story and he apparently believed it. Some days later he purchased her costly clothes and afterward introduced her as his wife.

Time went on, His business prospered; finally they purchased a home and now they live there with their little daughter, a child of six. His wife, as he calls her, is accepted in the best of society. Still she isn't happy and longs for him to marry her.

Recently, during an illiness, she told me her, story and it is bothering me. We agreed to write you and she promised to abide by your answer. What shall she do?

Has she ever seriously requested her "husband" to quietly marry her and thereby legalize the birth of their child? If he is a man he will certainly consider the future of his daughter. If what you write is correct, I really believe he will agree to a belated cere-

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Some days ago I saw a letter in your column signed "Elaine." Because she thought that love meant almost everything I want her to know my story. She said that she slipped around and met a man of whom her parents didn't approve. Once I did, too.

I met a man and I loved him. Mother objected, but I kept on seeing him. One evening we were married, the baby came and he deserted me.

My people had turned me out and a refuge was where I stayed. Although they were good to me there, it was a poor place and very cold. Baby and I were given a pitiful start in the world. Both of us left hungry and friendless. We are existing now and sometimes I see the man whom I loved passing up and down Main street. He goes in the very best society, but he turns his head when we pass. Sometimes I long to kill myself. Ill, alone, but for my pitiful little child and forced to work and leave It with strangere—that's my story and it all happened because I loved too well and not wisely.

I wish to tell "Disheartened Butter-fly" she has a mistaken idea about girls having a good time at dance halls; they don't, and dance halls lead to perdition. Ask her to please stay away.

JUST TWENTY.

Alian Dawn, whose photo play, "Soldiers of Fortune," made such a hit when released last fall, is hard at work at his western studio making another big picture, and also a picturization of a well known American novel.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: De you answer personal letters if people send a stamped envelope?

I try to, but sometimes I receive from 12 to 15 letters a day asking for personal replies. That takes such a lot of time that occasionally I answer personal notes through the column if they are not too pointedly written.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young girl aged 20 and there is a widower in our town who insists upon paying me attention. He has two small children. I have tried to be very cool towards Mary Roberts inchart has jumped from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles to be present at the editing and cutting of her first picture, from her latest and most popular book. "Dangerous Pays."

attention. He has two small children. I have tried to be very cool toward him but nevertheless he proposed marriage. Of course I declined the honor that he tendered and endeavored to go my way enjoying the company of younger men. Being of a jealous disposition the widower makes it very unpleasant and insists upon hanging upon my door step. Tell me what to do to rid myself of him. PATTY.

Tell him you have other engagements and that you don't want to marry a man old enough to be your father. Make a wee bit of fun of him to the younger men who call upon you. Refuse to accept the smallest courtery from the man and soon he will leave you alone.

Dear Mrs. Thempson: As you have given others helpful advice, maybe you will assist me. I love music better than anything upon earth and my aunt has offered me a complete course in it, if I will leave school at once and come and live with her. She lives in a city where there is a musical college. I am now in the 11th grade so what would you do? ERNESTINE.

First consult your parents and abide by their decision. If they favor the musical education, follow their advice, but make as strong an effort as post-

by their decision. If they favor the musical education, follow their advice, but make as strong an effort as possible to complete your academic course. Otherwise you may seriously regret it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young girl of 20 years and I love a man three years my junior. We have been going together for about three months. Four weeks ago he became angry because I refused to allow him to place his arm around my waist. He is going with another girl now. I would like to have him come back to see me. What would you do?

A girl develops into a woman quicker than a boy becomes a man and at your age I don't see how you can be particularly interested in a 17-year-old boy. Even a man, though, would not be worth while who became angry because you refused to allow him to be familiar. My advice to you is te forget about him.

about him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: After reading your letters in the paper I thought perhaps you could help me by telling me how I could make my home happy. My husband is on the road and is gone most of the time. He never gives me any money and lately suggested that I get a job, which I old. However, girls not trained for work find themselves capable of earning but small pay and I make about enough to keep me in food only. When my husband does come home he refuses to talk about money matters and if I ask for anything he says that I can shut up, or clae he won't come home again. What shall I do? My husband says that he nambles a lot and all he talks about is cards.

DISHEARTERDED.

Insist upon him supporting you and if he continues to grumble why not move out and make your own way? You seem to be doing it anyhow.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Should a threeyear-old girl be allowed to have a
straw hat, or does she continue to wear
French bonnets?

A dainty, delicate straw will be all
right. Some days ago I noticed a
soft black bonnet that was very cunning. It was satin-lined and almost
poke-shaped and blue and pink Forgetmenots circled the brim. A bit of
narrow ribbon jutted about the crown,

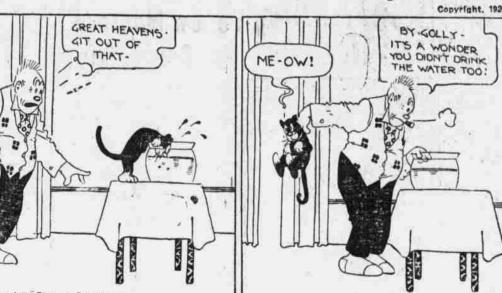
Dear Mrs. Thompson—As you have helped so many others, I am asking you to please help me. I am a working boy, but have such outlandish hours, from 8 am, to 11 p.m., with the exception of Sunday, that I can make few friends. I want to know some nice, plain, sensible, jolly girls who might like to go to the movies with me, and who will in return introduce me to their mothers and fathers, uncles and aunts, for I am mighty lonely.

JUST BOB.

Because I like your letter and you seem pleasantly friendly I'm publishing your letter, No boy would have written such a note unless he really were lonely because companions of a sort can always be found, and I like your for wanning to meet real folks. If any nice girl answers this letter I will be glad to mail her reply to you if you will send me your name and adarcess.

cakes. Corn Flake Cakes—One cup flour, one cup flakes, two teaspoons sugar, two teaspoons butter, one egg, one-half teaspoon sait. Prepare and serve the same as plain cakes. BRINGING UP FATHER -By George McManus









LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Back It Goes—Flake for Flake



JOE'S CAR-It's a W. K. Fact That Circumstances Alter Cases



I SHOULD SAY NOT!

